

The Evening Herald

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KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1915



1915
AND STOP AT
KLAMATH FALLS

ONLY AMERICAN-MADE GOODS

THE "Made in the United States"
League of Women is organizing an auxiliary of children, the intention being to buy only American-made wares. On its face such a campaign would appear to be selfish, but the attitude of the belligerents warrants this action.

The United States had nothing to do with bringing on this war, yet millions suffer because of non-employment and because of shrinkage in values occasioned by the strife.

Government officials early in the war warned Americans to remain neutral, and this attitude of strict neutrality suits none of the belligerents. Each country goes upon the assumption that "he who is not for me is against me."

All the warring people seem to think we should have taken their side, and therefore we are being roundly denounced on all sides. Some of the belligerents have, through their most prominent publicists, openly denounced us and threatened to retaliate after the war is over by boycotting America.

Under such circumstances the slogan of "Buy only American-made goods" is justifiable. The banks of the United States are filled with money, and if every American will but purchase only American-made articles, hundreds of thousands will be given employment, and such new life is being breathed into the stricken.

Scattered Shots

CLEANING UP YARDS, numbering houses and building proper sidewalks are all potent in town development.

IF ALL THIS peering by the allies counts for anything, Turkey ought to be pretty thoroughly secured.

THE ALLIES are not alone in rejoicing in the fall of Prussia. The newspaper men who have been compelled to write the word semi-annually since September are by no means adverse.

IN THE OLD DAYS, men wishing to become citizens, retired to caves and became hermits. Now they merely suffragettes or authoritarians of note.

THE DOCTORS tell us that each patient gives them a gripping tale these days, for in grips has "em all gripped."

JUDGE LEAVITT has moved to the new office in the city hall. Chief of Police Smith is occupying his office there, but at yet some of the regulars have occupied the new city hall. Of course, "there's a reason"—in this case the fact that the new looks are not installed and the old hall is still in use.

LONG LAKE MILL SOON TO START

MEMBERS OF OLD CREW COMING IN FROM SOUTH—MUSICALS AT

MR. CRAPP SUNDAY—OTHER SHIPBUILDING NEWS

(Special Special Service)
SUNDAY, MARCH 25.—The Long Lake Mill company is about to start the mill. The company is about to start the mill. The company is about to start the mill.

TODAY'S GOSSET STORY

United Press Service.

DANNVILLE, Ky., Mar. 23.—Because he thought a train, the first he had ever seen, a "huge varmint" charging upon him, George Mason heaved a rock at the "Royal Palm" on the Queen and Crescent route near here. Ray Fagan, of Sandusky, O., who happened to be in the path of the missile, sustained a slight scalp wound.

"I thought the gal darn thing was one of them monsters you see in the picture books," Mason told the police. "I never seen one of 'em afore, and I was so darned scared, I just lammed a rock right at the pesky thing."

Mason was so emphatic in relating the motive that actuated him that the officers released him.

year's crew are returning from the South for service when the mill starts.

Several people from town were fishing on the river and along the Shippington water front Sunday. They are said to have landed some fine trout.

The cleaning dairy is a very busy place just now. Mr. Cline knows how to run his establishment to the best advantage.

The residence being erected by Professor T. A. Barlow, principal of the Shippington school, is nearing completion.

Mrs. William Caldwell is going into the chicken business in earnest. She now has a hundred grown and about two bushels of young chicks just out of the incubators. All told she has about 300 chickens at the present writing, with two incubators full of eggs.

There will be a musicale at Saint Cloud at 8 o'clock next Sunday afternoon.

Much plowing is being done in and about Shippington. The residents of this thriving hamlet are going to grow their own vegetables this year, thereby reducing the cost of living so materially that they will be able to purchase autos to travel to and fro over the promised new Shippington road.

FORMER MERRILL MAN IS KILLED

JAMES BEVANS MEETS DEATH AT GILROY—HAMMOND SELLS CAR OF HORSES—OTHER NEWS FROM MERRILL

MERRILL, March 23.—L. Blawie, a San Jose horse dealer, purchased a carload of horses from E. M. Hammond. He shipped these to Oakland Saturday.

E. H. Dalton and family have moved their household goods to their new home east of town. Mr. Dalton has been in the butcher business at Merrill for seven years.

Word was received here a few days ago of the death of James Bevans, at Gilroy, Calif. Mr. Bevans was killed by being run over by a freight car as he was unloading. He was formerly a resident of Klamath county, but with his family moved to Gilroy, where he engaged in the butcher business.

Mrs. Bertha Davis will leave in a few days to visit her daughter at Manteno, Calif.

J. Frank Adams believes that the inspectors for the French government will be here about the 26th to inspect the Klamath county horses offered for sale for French artillery service. They were supposed to be here Monday. The inspection will be held at the Adams ranch.

Mrs. D. M. Donnelly and children of Laquett Valley spent the latter part of last week at the Riverside hotel here.

John Howard, who was operated upon March 15th for appendicitis, is reported doing splendidly. He brought home Klamath Falls and Merrill.

Mrs. Jack Overland, who was operated upon Sunday, March 15th, by Dr. Williams and Merrill, is reported as being home again of Merrill.

Rader Says Trenches Underground Cities Filled With Dirty Citizens

San Francisco Writer Now in Europe Says They Are in a Five-Foot Cellar With Slimy, Cold Mud for a Floor and Enemy's Bullets for a Roof

By PHIL RADER

(Written for the United Press)

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LONDON, March 3.—How does it feel to live in the trenches?

Here's a little recipe by which you can find out. Take a cold, damp cellar, flood it with from three to six inches of almost ice cold mud. At a height of about five feet from the floor stretch a tangle of wires. Turn an electric current into the wires and let the voltage be so heavy that every wire will be as deadly as a third rail.

Now blow out the light, crawl to the middle of the floor in the darkness and stand erect, trusting to blind luck that your head won't touch the wires.

These charged wires, in the darkness, represent the invisible deadly trails of the bullets that fly over your head in the trenches. Of course, if you want to be safe in the cellar you keep your head down, but if you did that in the trenches you would be neglecting your duty. It is your duty, for instance, to fire eight bullets an hour, if you are on guard. Watchful eyes of officers will discover whether you are shooting into the air, or whether you are firing with your aim on the enemy's trenches. And a good sentinel is supposed to raise his head above the trench every ten minutes to see what is going on outside.

Victor Chapman, a Harvard graduate, who was with me in the trenches, was something of a philosopher, and he used to say: "The danger of being shot is not great; the trail of a bullet is very small; the space around you, as compared with the trail of a bullet is one million to one. So the chances of being hit are in that proportion."

But it didn't work out with Chap-

man at all. He was hit the very first day, in the arm.

The trenches are an underground city filled with unspeakably dirty citizens. They are in a tangle of sunken streets. The houses are holes in the earth. The streets, in my district, converged in one place which the Americans call "Longacre Square," into a very exclusive triangle, where all the officers lived. There are street signs, too, telling how to reach this or that officer's hole in the ground. And now and there are danger signs telling the passerby to keep his head low.

It was a two mile journey from our front to the rear trench, and on this journey one would meet and pass many men. The soldiers always speak to each other at such meetings, just as two men pass the time of day on a country road.

The lieutenant is practically the mayor of this underground city; the sergeants might be likened to policemen.

There is trading under way, too. Tobacco is the money, and the storekeeper is the chap who, at any certain time has more of one thing than he wants or less of another than he needs. Thus every man is a village storekeeper at one time or another.

Do you want to go to a music hall? There is sure to be a certain dugout somewhere in the trenches where musical men gather. In our trench George Ullard, a negro from Galveston, Tex., played wonderfully on a banjo with one string, and in our mud hut there was music of mouth organs, an accordion and Ullard's banjo every night. The German trench was only forty-five feet away from us at this point, and they used to listen to us every evening and cheer us.

There are many little tasks with which the citizens of the trench town busy themselves. You'll see a man cleaning his rifle; another will be re-flooring his hut with straw; another will be rigging a bottle on a stick for

the Germans to shoot at. Two or three may be preparing a dummy figure for a German target; another may be marking his initials on the side of the trench by sticking his empty cartridge shells into the earth.

There are artists, too, in this strange colony. Almost every day there is a wooden tombstone or two to prepare. It was my duty to decorate tombstones with some sort of design, and a Belgian named Derrine always did the lettering. You might find us any forenoon working away with a red hot poker, burning names and decorations on a wooden cross which we had constructed out of any pieces of wood we could find.

There were three Americans in my machine gun squad of sixteen men—Eugene Jacobs, who still owns a butcher shop in Pawtucket, R. I.; Victor Chapman of New York, and myself—and on Thanksgiving day we arranged a feast in our hut. Jose Amer, an Argentinian, heard that we had picked up some stray chickens and had shot a goose, and that Jacobs was cooking them for some sort of banquet, and he invited himself, saying: "I know what Thanksgiving Day is, and I'm from South America, so I think I ought to come."

The other twelve men in the squad didn't know what Thanksgiving day was, but they knew chicken when they smelled it, so we invited them all. The chicken was served out of a huge, magnificent old china bowl which we had found in the deserted house of the mayor of a small town nearby. Chapman, who knows antiquities when he sees them, said the bowl was at least 300 years old, and that he was going to take it home with him when he left the trenches. But one day, when we permitted five infantrymen of a newly arrived division to sleep in our hut a shell struck the roof, broke the bowl and killed five men. We left the men and the bowl buried in the caved-in hut and built a new house.

WHAT PINE GROVE FOLKS ARE DOING

BOX SOCIAL AT OLNEY IS A PRO- NOUNCED SUCCESS—BAPTIST MINISTER CONDUCTS SERVICE. PERSONAL ITEMS

(Herald Special Service)
PINE GROVE, March 23.—Miss Lola Wilson and Miss Joseph Anderson of Klamath Falls spent a very considerable day at Pine Grove Sunday, being guests at the E. M. Miller home, where a hearty dinner was served, after which music was enjoyed.

Rev. A. F. Simmons, pastor of the Baptist church at Klamath Falls, preached at Pine Grove Sunday. His sermon was founded upon Psalm 51: 10: "Cast me not away from Thy presence and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."

The box supper at the Olney school house Friday evening was enjoyed by all, and was a great success in every manner. There were about seventy-five people there and the sale of eighteen boxes netted \$36.

Miss Alice McCordogdale of Klamath Falls was an Olney visitor a few days last week.

Charles Dutton is Clarence Harris' chief engineer.

O. W. Harris and Mr. Kinman caught a fine lot of trout the other day.

J. E. Isoules and Fred Fanning attended the sale at the McCordogdale ranch Thursday.

Accurate information about the Klamath Falls, Ask Chairman.

A LITTLE SPORTING GOSSIP

By Hal Sheridan

NEW YORK, March 23.—Columbia University wants football. The whole student body and the thousands of alumni want it—even at the price the faculty wants to make them pay. The Blue and White wants to line up again with its contemporaries, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Pennay, and resume its rightful place in the athletic world.

They'll probably get it—if what they're going to get can really be called football. It's rather a travesty on the game to call what Columbia is going to get football, but it'll have to pass.

Here are the conditions under which the faculty will permit football to come back to Columbia: Look at 'em; they're good:

Only students in the college will be eligible to play.

Any student who decides in his senior year to take up engineering or law or architecture, automatically becomes ineligible to play.

Neither Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Princeton or Pennsylvania will be on the schedule for five years.

And lastly—this is good, don't mind it—the student body agrees not to protest during the five years to any of the foregoing conditions. Cute, isn't it?

Here is a university—the largest in the country, by the way—that can meet only secondary colleges and schools like Rutgers, Tufts, Colgate, Williams and the like. That is one good laugh.

Here is another—Columbia has about 5,000 students, only about 600 of which are in the college itself—the others are specialists—and eleven players must be picked out of the 400 who will have the support of the 4,400.

And still another—Any student in the college who specializes in his senior year automatically becomes ineligible. In other words, after a

coach has developed a Brickly of a Coy and he decides to fit himself for his life's work in his senior year—he can't play football.

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

"TIZ" for Tender, Puffed-up, Burning, Calloused Feet and Corns



You can be happy-footed just like me. Use "TIZ" and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired, aching feet. "TIZ" and only "TIZ" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a "TIZ" bath, you just feel the happy, new soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. "TIZ" is grand. "TIZ" instantly draws out all the poisonous conditions which puff up your feet and cause raw, inflamed, aching, swollen, smarting feet.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug store or department store. Get instant foot relief. Lather it on your feet and see how good they feel. They are never, never going to bother or make you any more. (Advertisement)

OLD-TIME COLD CURE DRINK HOT

Get a small package of the "Hot Tea," or as the Chinese call it, "Hamburgh Tea." Put a cup of boiling water in a teapot, pour through a sieve and let it steep for five minutes. It is an effective way to break a cold and grip, as it opens the pores of the body, thus breaking up a cold. Try it the next time you are cold or the grip. It is entirely vegetable, harmless and harmless.

RUB RHEUMATISM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one cure in ten requires internal treatment. Rub on the "tender spot," and by the way, you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatism pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which takes pain, soreness and stiffness from joints, muscles and bones; sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia, etc. Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pain, ache and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

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CITY AND COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY

SAML WHITELOCK UNDERTAKER EMBALMER

Wood! Wood!

Halway Livery Co.

WOOD!

KLAMATH FUEL CO.

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